Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Hee'l ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces hee'l ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubiects puniſht, that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
VVho once no more but as the tops of trees,
VVhich fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke giues heart and ſtronger glowing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior ſooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Helicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per, If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from t

Hell. I haue ground the axe my ſelfe,
Do you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Councellor, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me do?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes,
As you your ſelfe do lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinfull father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmoothe: But thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this Land with armes,